

## Cherry County Independent.

### VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

Meanwhile the old ship of State doesn't need any violent tugs to make it independent of the banks. It can easily float a loan.

The report that a young man in Chicago became insane from smoking cigarettes is superfluous. It is enough to say he smoked cigarettes.

In after-life you may have friends—loud, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

New York wheelmen have a bill before the State Legislature asking that bicycles be transported free on railroads as personal baggage. The same question will doubtless be raised in every State in the Union before many years pass.

Emerson says, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." If we need confirmation of this, we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who, on this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

Last year the United States took out of the soil in grain alone the sum of \$1,489,487,000. Compare this prodigious sum with the \$40,000,000 annual product of gold which has constituted the basis of the Kaffir speculative excitement, and what is called the great boom of 1895 sinks into insignificance.

Hard and stubborn facts soon convince the most ideal dreamer that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances, that our daily wisdom is in making a good use of the opportunities within our grasp, that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

A taste for good literature is encouraged among the school children of Detroit by the distribution among the schools of approved books from the public library. Fifty-two schools are supplied in this way, and the circulation for 1895 was over 75,000. The books are changed five times during the school year, and the only additional expense is the slight one of transportation. It seems to be a successful plan for getting in ahead of the penny dreadful.

One of the surprises of the next decennial census may be the discovery that the national center of population has moved eastward for the first time since the government was formed. The State censuses taken last year indicate that the East is growing more rapidly than the West. In the five years since 1890 Massachusetts gained in population 262,000, or 11.7 per cent. The gain of New Jersey in the same period was 313,000, or 15.7 per cent. Iowa's corresponding gain was 146,000, or 7.6 per cent. Kansas reports a loss since 1890, and Oregon's increase in the five years is not quite 8 per cent.

Prize-fighters have been driven from one State to another until their brutal spectacles have been outlawed in all Texas, the last State to be sought by the fighters, rose and put a stop to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest, which was to have occurred within its limits. Now a group of slugs have gathered at El Paso, where they are convenient to Mexico, or New Mexico, whichever shall prove to be available for fighting purposes. But Congress has passed a law to prevent prize-fighting in the Territories, and Federal officials say the law shall be observed. Mexican authorities, on the other hand, insist that that republic, although it may endure bull-fights, will not be disgraced by brutal contests between human beings. The degrading prize-fight ought not to be tolerated in any civilized country. If these roughs must fight, let them charter a boat and go out into the Atlantic Ocean.

The experiments made at Harvard College with the Roentgen process remove the last doubts of the possibility of effective photography through considerable thickness of wood. But a still greater triumph of the system is that announced by cable from Vienna, where Dr. Neusser, of the Vienna University, has succeeded in photographing through the body the calcareous deposits in various internal organs of a human subject. The new process promises to be greatly useful in medicine and surgery, as it will make the diagnosis of many forms of disease of lungs, stomach and other organs a matter of much greater certainty than it is now. The simplest of the principle of the discovery yet given is that many substances seemingly opaque are transparent to light-vibrations of which human eyes take no cognizance. If window glass is transparent to light at a certain rate of vibration and wood to rays vibration at a different rate, it is easy to see that to photograph through the wood as if it were glass it is only necessary to get a plate of the proper degree of sensitiveness. A new field in the science of the physics of vibratory force has been opened up. The results of experiments along the lines now clearly indicated must be far-reaching in many directions. It is now a demonstrated fact that a great discovery has been made.

The success of the bond issue has penetrated the fastnesses of the Ogalala Sioux Indians in South Dakota, and they have decided to send a brave down to Washington to have a talk

with the "Great Father" and lay in a fresh supply of cash. In these days of agitation and unrest it is refreshing to learn that these cheerful relics are not burdened with any vulgar discontent. As the report says, they merely have a "vague, undefined feeling that there are a few minor grievances to be corrected, the principal one of which is they want their annuities in money." It is credited as an aimless whim on their part, a pretext for a little junket for a few frisky bucks, that they seek to change the present system of receiving old farts—any size blankets, tomato cans, etc.—to one in which the coin of the realm may be more conspicuous. The delegation is to be chosen at a council at Wounded Knee, and the primaries have already been fixed. It is hinted, to give Red Cloud the place of honor at the head. He has expressed a desire to press the hand of the Great Father once more and then return home and die, and it is in the "Indian pins," as the Ogalalla heeler expresses it, that his creditable ambition is to be satisfied. The information, as it has come out of the West, has this uncomfortable climax: "The council is to conclude with a feast at which 186 dogs will be served." A howling success is predicted for the entire Ogalalla program.

It is well known that anarchistic ideas are a form of mania and their promulgation evidence of insanity, but the frightful crimes of the man Kletke, who, at Chicago, murdered his parents, his wife, his three children, and then killed himself, add emphasis to the fact. Anarchy means the subversion of all rational views of life, and the man who can convince himself that the world is wrongly constructed is not far from the impulse to murder and suicide, which is confession that it is not only vain to struggle against the world, but that annihilation or its problematical alternative is preferable to continuance here. Probably all such ideas as Kletke held originate in ill health, which is usually self-induced by means of liquor. No healthy man can be a pessimist; no unhealthy man an optimist; and anarchy is only an objective, all-embracing pessimism. The unfortunate who has an uneasy liver sees everything yellow and sickly, and beginning with the knowledge that he is disordered, finds the world disordered, too. This conviction, like all hallucinations, compels the sufferer's continual attention. The longer he contemplates and broods over it the worse and more powerful it becomes, until, after an irresistible process of exclusion, it takes entire possession of the trembling mind, and the least suggestion (such, in this case, for example, as the murder and suicide of Hougard) is sufficient to drive the maniac to the extreme length. This theory is supported by every known fact in Kletke's case. He was an occasional drunkard and consequently a pessimist. He was an anarchist as the result of his drunkenness and pessimism and consequently a murderer and suicide in passe long before he became such in very deed. The lesson seems to be: Don't drink; keep your liver in good order. If it be followed the sky will not be threatening, the world will not be a place of punishment, life will not be torture, and you will not be in danger of becoming an anarchist and a murderer.

### RULES IN BRITISH GUIANA.

Augustus Lawson Hemming, K. C. M. G., the New Governor.

The people of this country are especially interested just now in British Guiana and in the new Governor who has been appointed by the British Government for that colony—Augustus Lawson Hemming, K. C. M. G. Sir Augustus has seen thirty years' service in the home colonial office and is well qualified for the position. He has on several occasions been entrusted with delicate missions affecting boundary disputes, and he is well fitted to cope with the difficulty regarding the Venezuela boundary line. British Guiana is one of the most thriving of the British possessions in the tropics and is the equal of Trinidad or Mauritius. Its sugar product is equivalent annually to \$10,000,000 and is worked by coolies imported from East India. There are rich gold fields in Essequibo and Cuyuni. Sir Augustus will therefore find a prosperous country under him.

**A Beautiful Black Diamond.** Henri Moisson recently exhibited at the French Academy of Science a black diamond as large as a man's fist, which is valued at about \$40,000. It is said to be the largest black diamond ever found, and was picked up in Brazil by a miner working in private grounds. It weighed 3,000 carats, or about twice as much as the largest stone of the kind hitherto discovered. Within a short time after its discovery, about five months ago, it lost nineteen grammes of its weight, evidently by the evaporation of water contained in it, but this loss has not ceased. Its crystalline form is nearly perfect, resembling that of the artificial diamonds formed by the crystallization of carbon in silver crucibles.—New York Tribune.

**Circulation.** In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins, again to the heart.

**Hope for Massachusetts Spinners.** The male births in Massachusetts during the past year exceeding the female births by nearly 2,000.

### EVENING AND NIGHT.

The air is very still,  
On yonder wooded hill;  
The old day slowly dies  
In Paradise.

What colors manifold!  
Red molten with the gold.  
Islands of amethyst,  
In lakes of azure mist.

The hour whispers peace,  
The tired reapers cease,  
And rudely sweet and strong  
Riseth the harvest song.

The evening star above  
Kindles her lamp of love,  
And lends her light to bless  
Their song of thankfulness.

And from the utmost rim  
Of the horizon dim,  
The harvest moon comes sweet  
Over the sheaved wheat.

Her chaste and holy light,  
The still hush of night,  
The incense in the air,  
Proclaims God's presence here.

Still is the starry East,  
Sleeps every bird and beast,  
Still is the faded West,  
Rest, gleaner, rest.

—Pall Mall Budget.

### STORY OF A GOLD MINE

Stories of gold strikes at Cripple Creek have revived those ancient legends of accidental mineral finds which lend such a glamour to the avocation of the prospector. If one can find an old miner with an unoccupied half an hour lies rare and picturesque and sufficient in number to freight a train can be had for the asking. Colonel Thomas Jefferson Maloney, now an operator in Cripple Creek's properties, has been through all the flush times Colorado has known, and has likewise tightened his belt for lack of a more satisfactory dinner in those times when Colorado was not so flush.

"There have been so such strikes in the last five or six years," said Colonel Maloney, "as we used to have in the good old days when old man Tabor grubstaked the two German shoemakers, Hook and Riche, and went to sleep in his clothes two nights afterward a millionaire owner of the Little Pittsburg. It was hard getting him to bed, too. I think he would have been celebrating the strike yet if the boys hadn't chloroformed him. Now when a man makes a find he goes and covers it up until he can 'con' his neighbors out of their claims. In the other days I speak of a man who struck it rich went out on the causeway and proclaimed his great luck. He spent all his money in adding to the general joyousness of the camp and made no bluff at work until his means for inducing celebration were wholly exhausted.

"Nearly all the bonanza strikes have been made by accident. There was Adams' famous luck over in the Sandia range. Adams said he was a descendant of the family that had so many Presidents and signers of the declaration in it. I always set him down for a liar—he came from Elgin, Ill. He was invariably making this declaration of independence play when he should have been doing assessment work. This man's name was John Quincy Adams—same as the last President of the name—and he never let you go to sleep in ignorance of the fact. Why Providence should pick out such a man to shower favors on I never could imagine. It was his idiotic carelessness that made him a plutocrat. Any man with a morsel of sense would never have got rich as he did. He was always prospecting around in the most unpromising spots. He packed a jack-load of plunder with him, pans and picks and shovels and powder, besides his grub. One day he was prospecting around the Sandia hills, thinking he was looking for float and letting his heart swell with family pride. He had his haversack slung over his shoulder, and among other truck in it were ten or twelve cartridges for blasting. His magnifying glass lay at the top of the bag. Adams sat down against a rock to rest, and the glass focused the sun so it set fire to the canvas bag. Adams said subsequently he made the quickest play of his life in getting from under that haversack strap. He hit one ridge and landed forty rods away behind another



"I COULD SEE HIS CANDLE FLICKER."

rock. He had just reached cover, and bang! off went his blasting powder. Adams went back out of the idiotic curiosity to see what kind of a hole it had made. He found the rock he had leaned against scattered at large over the face of the earth. The haversack had fallen into a sort of crevice at the foot and the explosion had lifted everything into the air. Among other things it had opened a vein of free milling ore running \$3,800 to the ton. That man Adams sold a tenth interest for \$16,000. It was worth ten times as much, but he needed money for development. He made more than a million, and they are working on the vein yet. Adams is bleeding it back in Massachusetts. He bought some of the old property of the family back, and naturally gilded and

varnished it. He says the Adamses are on earth for the second time."

"I never let fewer than three men work in one of my mines," said an owner of property in the Clear Creek district. "It may be an idle notion, but I have been haunted by the idea that I came near committing murder of the most cold-blooded character a few years ago. If there had been three of us, instead of two partners, the thought never would have come to me, and I wouldn't have the bad dreams that disturb me occasionally. I have never since put myself in a position where a possible homicide would not have at least one witness. I will not work alone with another man in a mine."

"I got my start up in Farncomb Hill. Jim Souther was my partner. We had a fairly good claim; nothing of the bonanza in its nature, just a good, honest ounce-and-a-half or two-ounce proposition that beat day wages by a shade only. There is one thing about Farncomb Hill, that is its uncertainty. You never know what the next wallop with the pick or the next shot with a cartridge will uncover. Souther was down in the hole and I was on the windlass hoisting the buckets he filled with ore. We had a soft thing so far as labor was concerned, and could almost shovel the ore up. It was a soft tale, a cross between chalk and putty. I got a bucket at last—along about 2 in the afternoon—that weighed like a ton. I could scarcely lift it. I dumped it and almost dropped dead. The ore was so rich in gold I could see it shine. I examined the bucket and found little strings of wire gold hanging to it. Jim had struck one of those celebrated Farncomb freaks, and it was so dark down there he hadn't



"HE MADE THE QUICKEST PLAY OF HIS LIFE."

noticed the alteration in the character of the stuff he was sending up. Do you recall that fine-twisted wire gold exhibited at the World's Fair? Much of that was what Souther and I took out of that shaft. I called to Jim to stand down under, for I aimed to come down and see him awhile. I broke the news to him and then we began to figure out how we stood. As nearly as we could decide we had a pocket or chamber of this stuff extending into the side of the shaft about eight feet. We could reach in and get out handfuls of fineness gold that looked like it came from under a red-headed girl's hat. But we couldn't stand in the shaft and admire it all day. There was at least \$15,000 worth of the stuff. The metal that was not free could easily enough be separated from the rest of the ore. It was inclosed in decomposed quartz and required nothing but rubbing between the fingers to get it. We decided to raise it all that night—that is unless it turned out a bigger find than we thought. We figured it best not to go about beating the drum to advertise our strike, but hoist the ore and do our talking later.

"Jim stayed in the mine and I went back on the winch. Then my temptation came to me. There was a good big piece of money there for one man, and just half as much each for two. I have read somewhere that every man has his price if you keep on bidding you can reach him sure at some spot. Since that day I have shuddered to think how cheap I am. A measly \$15,000 in ore came near getting me. It all came to me as if it were printed in big letters and held before my face. I could call to Jim and get him out of the drift into the bottom of the shaft and let go the windlass. There wouldn't be a kick left in a man who had been smashed on the head with a seventy-five-pound bucket, with 200 pounds of ore in it, after a fifty-foot fall.

"The first time I called I couldn't raise my voice over a whisper. It reminded me of the time I had the pneumonia my first year in the mountains, and Jim nursed me out of it. He walked twenty miles over the hills in a snowstorm to get medicine for me, and it's the surest thing in the world I wouldn't have been hoisting pure gold out of a Farncomb Hill shaft if Jim Souther hadn't sat up with me day and night for a week four years before. I thought of all this while I was liberating my voice for the second try at calling him. That time I did it."

"What is it, Bill?" he hollers back. "I could see his candle flicker as I looked down the shaft ready to let go the winch, when I had him placed right. 'What's eating of you now?' he keeps on. 'We ain't got any time for merrymaking or visiting if we get this spending money out to-day,' he says. 'Make your talk quick, Bill.'"

"I had to try three times again before I could make a noise. 'Shake a bush,' says Jim, 'if you can't speak.' 'I want you to come up and work the winch,' I yells back. 'I don't like to be so far away from the stuff.' 'All right,' he hollers up, 'if you prefer it. But you know you can't stand it down here as well as I can, and I'm some afraid you'll get the worst of it.'"

"So Jim came up and I took his place. When I was going down the shaft he says: 'You look like you had seen a dead friend, Bill. I think another strike like this would give you heart failure.' 'What did the find do? We took out

\$22,000 from that pocket and sold the claim for \$45,000. Yes, Souther is still in the mining business with me. I told him about my plan to dissolve partnership when he was in the shaft. He said: 'Do you know, Bill, I had a strong notion to belt you on the head with a pick when you came down the shaft and I found what kind of a pile of putty I had dug into.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### True-Hearted.

"It makes all the difference in the world what a person marries for. I'm so thankful that I didn't make any mistake," said a small, shabbily-dressed, tired-looking woman, who was cantering chairs at a house where she had asked for work. Her tongue was as nimble as her fingers, but her views on all topics were so cheery and hopeful, notwithstanding her manifest poverty, that her garrulity did not become tiresome. Her opinions on marriage, coming as they did from a woman to whom marriage had brought poverty and unceasing labor for an invalid husband, were refreshing, and had the ring of a true heart.

"Yes," she said, "folks that marries for but one thing makes a dreadful mistake. I often think to myself, 'What if I had married for anything in the world but love, real, genuine, sure-enough love! What a fix I'd be in to-day!'"

"You see, my husband's been an invalid for nine years. He went into slow consumption four years after we were married, and he ain't worked six weeks, all told, since; and I've had all the support of him and our three children for nine years, and I've done it by trillin' round from house to house can-seatin' chairs; and all the feelin' I've had about it has been one of thankfulness that I was able and willin' to do it."

"S'posin' I hadn't married for love? S'posin' I'd married for riches, and they'd taken wings and flew away? S'posin' I'd married for beauty, and sickness and misery had robbed my husband of his good looks? Wouldn't I be in a nice fix?"

"But I didn't marry for a thing on earth but respect and love for a good man, and I ain't regretted it, and I ain't a bit unhappy or discontented, exceptin' in the sorrow that comes from the certainty that I ain't goin' to have my husband with me much longer."

"He's fallin' fast now, poor dear! I ain't never looked on him as a burden. I ain't throwed it up to him that I've had the livin' to make. I ain't fretted nor complained, nor done any of the things I would surely have done if I'd made the dreadful mistake of marryin' for anything but real affection."

"Folks that marries for anything else has got a lot of unhappiness before 'em that I don't know anything about."

### Queer Effect of Light.

It is asserted by one of the leading authorities on light and heat that the beams of the sun and moon have a very deleterious effect upon all kinds of edged tools. An exposure of a few hours to sunlight will "turn" the edge of the best razor ever made, and one night's exposure to the rays of the full moon will ruin such an instrument forever. Similar exposure to light will finally spoil knives, scythes and sickles, the premonitory signs of coming uselessness being noted in the blue color which the metal assumes. When the edge of such tools once disappears as a result of continued exposure to the light of either the sun or the moon, they are absolutely useless until they have been retempered.

Because of this peculiar action of light on steel purchasers should always be on their guard against buying from peddlers who carry their wares exposed, or from retail dealers who have such tools on display in show windows, especially if such windows be located so that they receive the full glare of the sun or moon at any time of day or night. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under such circumstances is generally wrongfully attributed to bad material or inferior workmanship.

### Bismarck and the Doctor.

Prince Bismarck is fond of asking questions, but does not like to answer them. On one occasion, says London Million, the Chancellor called in a young physician who, indifferent to his patient's rank and prestige, coolly proceeded to put him through an exhaustive professional examination.

Bismarck became impatient and finally declared he would not answer another question.

"Very well," calmly replied the doctor, "if you do not want to be questioned you had better send for a veterinary. He is accustomed to treat his patients without requiring answers from them to any questions."

The audacity of the young doctor caused the Chancellor to remain dumb for a moment; then he grimly said, "If you are as skillful as you are impertinent, young man, you must be a great physician."

### No Alligators.

An American naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary.

The officer enjoyed his dip; while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!'"

### America's Lead in Electric Invention

During 1894, 3,315 patents relating to electricity were granted in Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Of these 1,130 were British, being one-twentieth of all British patents, 1,704 were American, and 481 were German.

It is much easier to make that which is ugly uglier still than it is to improve that which is already handsome.

### NEW BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

A Fine Steel Arch to Be Erected by Next Fall.

Visitors to Niagara Falls next summer will be able to watch the construction of a fine new bridge that is to be erected on the site now occupied by the "new" suspension structure that spans the gorge and rocks and sways with every strong wind. While the present bridge is safe enough for pedestrians and carriages, it is not regarded as strong enough to bear trolley cars, a



BRIDGE TO BE BUILT AT NIAGARA.

line of which will undoubtedly be run over the new bridge as soon as it is completed.

The new bridge will be 7,240 feet in length, and 46 feet in width. Besides two sets of car tracks, there will be two carriages and two footways. The new bridge will be a steel arch free from cables. This method of construction is more firm than the suspension, so that the new bridge will not sway in the wind as does the present structure. The accompanying picture, from a drawing in the Buffalo Express, shows the new bridge as it will appear from the Canadian side. The bridge will not be ready for travel before next fall, but it is expected that the old bridge will be kept in use until the new one is finished.

A project is on foot to unite the various trolley lines so that for one fare a visitor may ride up and down both lines of the river, across the bridge and back. The round trip over the new bridge in full view of both cataracts, along the Canadian bluff, over Queens-town Heights to Queenstown, across another bridge to Lewistown and along the Gorge Road to Niagara Falls, is the scheme.

### BLAINE'S SON-IN-LAW.

Coppinger, After Much Opposition, Is at Last a Brigadier General.

John J. Coppinger, who was the cause of the break in the friendship between Gen. Harrison and James G. Blaine, has finally won the point upon which the two statesmen split. He is now a general. This honor was asked by Mrs. Blaine, she being interested because Coppinger had married her daughter. Gen. Harrison, as President, refused to make the appointment, as the promotion would jump him over the heads of older men in the service, who deserved the rank equally as much. Mrs. Blaine was piqued, and within a few days the candidacy of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency was announced.

His nomination was sent to the Senate not long ago, and the body confirmed him a brigadier after a long discussion. The opposition came this time



GEN. JOHN J. COPPINGER.

from Senators Burrows, Gear, Perkins, Teller, Pettigrew, Squire and Wilson. Gen. Coppinger entered the service as captain of the Fourteenth Infantry, after his education at West Point. He went to Rome in 1860 and was made a chevalier for gallant work in the defense of La Rocca gateway by the Papal army. He came back to the United States as soon as war was declared and did gallant duty at Appomattox. He was promoted and came out of the conflict as a colonel. His recommendation for generalship by President Cleveland caused surprise, but the Senate confirmed the nomination by a vote of 44 to 17. He was born in Ireland.

### The Grunt of the Pig.

The continual grunting of the pig is of interest as revealing something of the conditions of life of his wild ancestors. A herd of swine scattered in the long grass or among the bracken of a European forest would soon lose sight of one another. But the grunts of each would still advertise his presence to his neighbors, and so the individual members of the herd would not lose touch with the main body. Then there are grunts and grunts. If one of my readers will imitate the ingenious Mr. Garner and take a photograph to the nearest pigsty he might get material to make up a book on the language and grammar of the hog. However thick the jungle, the wild pig could, by taking note of the pitch and emphasis of the grunts to right and left of him, tell pretty much what his hidden colleagues were thinking about.—North American Review.

### The Secret Out.

It appears that Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is the author of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," appearing in Harper's Monthly. So says volume 6 of the "National Encyclopedia of American Biography," just published.—Sun.

Every person should be entitled to a hobby, provided he does not rock on other people's toes with it.